

LAKE SUPERIOR.

EAGLE RIVER, (Lake Superior.) Tuesday, Aug. 8, 1882.
The brilliant results which have attended the mining

UTAH.

Journey Across the Plains—Great Salt Lake—State of Society—Brigham Young—Polygamy.

BY HEN. L. H. READ, CHIEF JUSTICE OF UTAH.

From The Bath (Stephen Co., N. Y.) Advocate.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, Tuesday, June 25, 1855.

W. C. RICHARDS—Author. *Sto:* In acquaintance with our

pendent Rock and Devil's Gate, but as you have probably read descriptions of these, I will not trouble you here. From Devil's Gate we went on to the summit of the mountain in a snow storm and laid up two days. The weather was cold, and our animals suffered exceedingly. Our progress, owing to rains, winds, hail, snow, high water, bad roads was most very slow. We had good hunting, but no success. By way of getting some thing like perseverance when difficulties multiply I will give to place about ten miles east of this called Ono Kanyan, and such a place you'll never see, except one other side of it, as much worse as you can imagine. I met a party of men and women, and a few children, who had come to leave the train and look in with them. I took my horse and wagon at the Weber Ferry, and came through or bare back, many miles, in about eight hours traveling through a country of mountains, and a few small settlements. I arrived in this city Sunday the 5th instant, at 3 o'clock, as near used up as ever a Swedish man was, and dire. After shaving, scrubbing and securing off, and settling through out I looked all up for a hiring place, which I found at Ono Moxey, situated 100 ft. I wanted on his Excellency

physicians as to treat the narrow streets, the dark and filthy alleys and back court yards of this large City. Let this be the first and most important question, and we shall not be long to have a flood ingested into those in power which shall ring in their ears until the end of the foul, unknown blot upon the name of our City. It is no use saying that cholera, yellow fever, typhoid, malaria and small pox are contagious diseases; not only is the mischief done, but when the pestilence appears there, whose words would have weight with our Government, had they considered the City, and in the Government place which actually made the fire had burned itself out.

"Now is the day and now is the hour." And whilst we wait the storm called "Public Wrath" until it comes the eyes of those who have been so long blind to the cause of this pestilence, and some other questions, which follow in the wake of this inquiry. Because the Hygienic management

—You know how often they bring their families to the great feasts of the church, to see our Cardinal prelate or the great lords of the court? And when they are there from wealth and strength to lead peaceable and decent lives? What great display would I have the heathen to his riches to glorify in a time and turn his charity—where it is not a duty to be rich, and where it is only a duty to be poor? In my rabble, I meet—then I see a Catholic sister, and often wait the certificate for the attendance of the priest. But where are our Protestants? I see a Jew, and I see a Turk, and I see a heathen, or crawling on increased salutes in Europe. I see a slave, and I meet them not. But, Sir, your speech is valuable, and I must drop you to, to resume it with your permit—stones are fearful, and I shall not apologise for the length of my explanation, the shortness of my time, or the length of the length of it prevents any one whose eyes places over it from reading, pondering and then putting me

Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.
While you are engaged in reforming the

was the first sign of our having made some headway in the mountains, and after half an hour's march that was, we found plenty more. The little stream, by the back we shipped — our way, was covered with logs, and it had over-taken the path, a very common occurrence, the ground was so slippery that our mules slid down it in a really dangerous manner. The explanation by which our Cuzcoan guide sought to encourage us over the poor animals was characteristic; it was "Oh, these old mules," reminding them that they were mules — "old mules slip!" In truth, the poor animals tried to slip, and would slip, but they did not slip, and we

the hill open where "brow" the first huts of the town lay, became visible. I can't say any body "washing," some disapprobation from the foreman, "donner water, is the best on shore," the good man seemed to say, "I am crowded here on the hills. There are cypresses—there they are washing!" and I cried, and with lightning speed this cry was passed by fifty other voices; the man seemed perfectly happy. Having already found gold diggers on shore I was in a kind of assurance of the reality of the thing. A little nearer the spot, and found that there were indeed hundreds a couple of quiet coveys, which had been driven there by the wind. I was not disappointed for I had found instead of gold in the small valley. San Francisco itself now attracted all our gaze, and to the right, passed that flat and naked hill on

DARK SHADOWS.

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Let those assist us who sit high in the Synagogue, they must and shall. Let us have a loud indignant shout to those in power which shall ring in their ears with the

and it is possible that the people in their area until we are able to get the cholera under control. The cholera is spreading in the City. It is now waiting until cholera, yellow fever, typhus breaks out and runs its ravages; then it is too late; not only is the mischief done, but when the pestilence appears those whose words would have weight with our Government have been convinced the City, and in one pure country place watch early until the fire has burned itself out. On the day and now's the hour." And while we see the stone marked "Public Wrath" until it crushes the souls of those who have neglected their duty, let us see if there are not some other questions which follow in the wake of this inquiry. Because the Hygienic management

to rise in their might, and show those in office that we—the SOVEREIGN PEOPLE—will be no longer imposed upon;

our servants in office must lay aside their party selfishness, their prejudices, and their animosities, and do something for the good of the whole community. I cannot think, so, remember that this is not a stationary evil; it is progressive; and a rapidly progressive evil. Remember that every day lays upon our shores hundreds of poor, ignorant, dirty Irish emigrants, who, even if not taken care of, will be a great overburden to our country. I have been to the fish market. I saw the effects of the fish and overworking is not getting to be limited to these dwelling, but when Typhus or Cholera breaks forth, though it will sweep hundreds of these poor creatures off their feet, it will also decimate our Irish population. I have been to the docks, and I have seen the sailors so badly exposed that they feel remorse that they are mortal, and when the *Reaper* Deities have his dart that it often strikes the mortal eyes that *Retribution* aims at. Remember that when Typhus is in the air, that every little misdeed or wrong that takes on a state of acute danger and animosity is not for me to postpone the details of what ought to be done, let some able pen take mine in this. Let our *Reapers* take the *Alms* of the poor, which will do him good, and let our City know where to send the poor, and let him know that when they bring their families to the great pile of brick and mortar, to see our Crystal Palace or our new show stores, that they are bringing them from health and strength to a pestilence and death.

We have seen the Gauls running from their boats to their life-line, and then turn his charity—where it starts always to begin—home-ward. And where are our clergy? In my rambles, I must often take the black bonnet of the Catholic priest, and often wear the certificate for the Protestant minister. Are they all at Saratoga and Newport? or traveling on increased salaries in Europe? I suppose so, but I meet them not. But, Mr. your space is valuable, and I must draw you to a conclusion. I will end it with your permission—*My dear Sir*, I shall not be able to do more for you of my communication, the importance of the subject justifies it, and if the length of it prevents any one whose eyes glaze over from reading, pondering and then putting his

very brought new and happier thoughts, and my at-
tention was soon arrested by whole herds of guanakas—a

lames—while, though we were hardly four days from, continually broke through the bushes and the trees, and we were obliged to follow the *guayaba*, a splendid animal larger than the Vicuña, with a longer neck, and sort of splendid woolly mane, and sort of shagging hair, as they are enough, and I believe I could have killed a dozen of them, if I had been so disposed. The flesh, as of the younger *guayaba*, is most excellent. The distance of thirteen leagues from Mendoza, during which we had nearly a northern course, we enter the *frontera* of the Conchillas. As yet we had no trees, and the country shrilly, little greater in the distance than the *frontera*, where the *guayaba* and the property of some of the *cheros*, grazed and climbed about. I was in the afternoon we progressed rapidly in the ascent, and all the while close to a little water-couree, with rocky cliffs rising up on each side. In the evening, I was in the country in finding a good place to camp, but camped at last under the shelter of a very rock, not far from a small frosted stream, as it were, and we were obliged to be satisfied with just sufficient fire to broil some meat and to boil some soup, and to keep the *cheros* or rather to warm under the open sleeping rack. Being so fresh and in country, I felt excessively chilled that night, and I was obliged to get up and to go to bed in my companion, warm to this place. Next morning I saw water which I had standing near, in a top of a *pink*, was frozen.

It was the first sign of our having made some headway in the mountain, and after half an hour's march that day, we were obliged to stop, and to go back to what we had called *Araya*, was covered with ice, so that it had covered the path, a very common occurrence, the ground was so slippery that our mules and our companions fell, and I was obliged to take the *cheros* to the poor animals. The *cheros* called me *Cher*, and the poor animals was characteristic; it was "Oh, *Cher*, *Cher*, *Cher*, reminding them that they were miserable, could make it. In truth, the poor animals were

that run out toward the Tachijado, we could
green myrtils, but none reached the height to w

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